HANNIBAL JOURNAL.

O. CLEMENS, Editor and Proprietor.

HANNIBAL:
THURSDAY, : : : : DECEMBER 23, 1852

DANIEL WEBSTER AND SLAVERY.

A copy of the Richmond Examiner has been handed to us containing a sermon upon the life of Webster, preached by Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston. Several gentlemen have requested us to copy it entire, in order to give the people of this section a clever idea of the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, but more particularly as a splendid literary curiosity, they believing that it is evidence of genius unsurpassed, perhaps, in the United States, and that if Sheridan had delivered it, it would have been considered his grandest effort. We are contented, however, with copying enough of this sermon to teach Southern men how much they are indebted to Daniel Webster. That Webster had some faults, no one has so high an opinion of human nature as to deny; but, as a gigantic whole, his virtues and his intellect together make up as complete a man as the world ever saw.

This sermon of Theodore Parker shows the violence and extent of anti-slavery sentiment in the North; the vastness of Daniel Webster's influence there, and how he exerted that influence, firmly, bravely, heroically, and with an irresistible strength. Generous, noble-hearted, glorious Webster! deserted by his country, by his party, and by the South, for all of whom he had stood among foes at the North like a lion at bay, and fought with superhuman courage and almost more than created strength! The sermon before us is the testimony of a man who speaks bitterly, but does not underrate Webster's power and influence, or the forces against which he had to contend, like a single mountain rock in the midst of a raging ocean. When agitation again awakes in the North, where will be found another Daniel Webster to stand by the rights of the South?

This violent and bitter sermon, made in the North to a Northern audience, shows what sort of sentiments are acceptable to people of that latitude, and how inimical they are to slavery. It will bring the South to a nearer view of the force and extent of this opposition. In a stronger light than we have ever before seen, it exhibits the ingratitude of the South, to her greatest benefactors. They threw Fillmore by, they treated Webster with contempt, they picked up a man to whom they owed nothing peculiarly, and for whom they would not vote when they had him. It was a shame, and the Whig party and the South have suffered for the folly and ingratitude of their false representatives in the Baltimore Convention. Southern Democrats, too, have an interest in this slavery question.—At their door lies part of the sin of repudiating Webster and Fillmore, and the whole sin of electing an Abolitionist.

—

The Life of Webster. Extract from a Sermon preached at the Melodeon, in Boston, by Rev. THEODORE PARKER, *on Sunday morning, October* 31, 1852.

[REPORTED FOR THE BOSTON *Commonwealth*.]

—

I come now to speak of his relation to Slavery. Up to 1850, his conduct had been just and honorable. As a private citizen, in 1820, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. On Forefathers' Day, in 1820, standing on the Plymouth Rock, he could say:

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must forever revolt—I mean the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the Government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the Rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth and at midnight labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies or human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he vowed his entire unwillingness to do anything that should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he:

"On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already excited.—The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or dispised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with, it may be made willing. I believe it is entirely willing to fulfill all existing duties, to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to endeavor to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it,—should this be attempted, I know nothing even in the Constitution or in the Union itself which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

He always said that Slavery was a local matter of the South, sectional, not national. He took the ground in 1830 that the General Government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing under the October sun at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the 'institution' of the South.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would 'irritate' the South, would 're-enact the law of God.' He declared Congress was bound to make four new States of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36 deg. 30 min. to become slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave territory and $10.000,000; would not refuse to Virginia $20,000,000, derived from the sales of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil; that he would support the Fugitive bill with all its amendments, with all its provisions, 'to the fullest extent.'

You know the Fugitive Slave bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning. You know how the whig party, and the democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, a man in high office, declared that Mr. Webster 'seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect.' You know the indignation then felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But, such was the power of that gigantic intellect, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-three men of Boston sent him a letter telling him that he had 'pointed out the path of *duty*; convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;' and they expressed their 'entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech,' and their 'heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union.'

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; his speech at the Revere House; his word that 'discussion' on the subject of Slavery must 'in some manner be suppressed;' you remember the 'disagreeable duty,' the question if Massachusetts 'will be just against temptation;' whether 'she will conquer her prejudices' in favor of the trial by jury, of the inalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and 'those thoughts which wander through eternity.'

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave bill passed; it was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New-York, Buffalo, Philadelphia—all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse and Albany—his industry, never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember his threat at Syracuse that out of the bosom of the next Anti-Slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn he poured out on men who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, for the welfare of all men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster, from Newburyport and Kennebec. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar—they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout from the metropolitan pulpits—'Away with such a fellow from the earth! Kidnap him! kidnap him!' And when we said, timidly remonstrating, 'Why, what evil has the poor black man done?' the answer was, 'we have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!'

You remember the first kidnappers that came to Boston. Hughes was one of them—an ugly looking fellow. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft. You remember the seizure of Shadrach; you remember his delivery out of his fiery furnace dungeon. Of course it was an angel who let him out—for that court, after six trials, I think, has not found a man that at noonday, and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims—Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the Court House in chains; the Police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851. You remember the 'Acorn,' and Boston on the 22d of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New-York, Philadelphia and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster' definition of the object of Government. In 1845, standing on the grave of Judge Story, he said, 'Justice is the great interest of mankind.' I think he thought so, too; but at New-York, on the 18th November, 1850, he said, 'the great object of Government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad.'

You have not forgotten the speech at Capon Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. 'When nothing else will answer,' says he, 'they, the Abolitionists, invoke religion, and speak of the 'higher law.'' He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, 'Gentlemen, the North mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges an eagle's flight higher than the highest peak of the Alleghanies.' This speech was made at a dinner. The next 'sentiment' given after his, was this:

The Fugitive Slave Law—On its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union.

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared:

'You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce.'

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said: 'What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when everything respected, everything good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America—America, the land of Washington, the model Republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions!'

How do you think the audience answered?—With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Said Webster: 'These are whig principles;' and with these 'Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn.' That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the seventh of March?

What was the motive of all this? It was to 'save the Union.' Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, we will have 'no union with the slaveholders.' There were a party of seceders at the South who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia very well. He knew there was no danger of the dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22d of December, he declared 'There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live and not die.' But soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again—saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, and then at Capon Springs.

I say there was no real danger, but my opinion is mere opinion, and nothing more. Look at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion, the state of the public funds—the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer, lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of the brokers. But all this time, when Mr. Webster was telling us the Ship of State was going to pieces, wanted girding by the Fugitive Slave bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm—while he was advising us to conquer our prejudices—while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas—the monster of the deep that threatened to devour the Ship of State—fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars, and to the other monster of Secession, to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, 'those thoughts that wander through eternity,' while he himself revoked the noblest words of his life, throwing over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his God—the funds of the United States did not go down one mill.

You ask the capitalist 'is the Union in danger?' He answers, 'Oh yes, it is in the greatest peril.' 'Then will you sell me your stock lower than before?' 'Not a mill!' Not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred! To ask a man to make such a sacrifice at such a time for such a motive, is as if you should ask the Captain of the steamer Niagara, in Boston harbor, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath. No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm, not a single catspaw in the sky, not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. He must conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; Slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa.

He never so labored before, and he was always a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such herculean power. The fountains of his great deep were broken up—he rained forty days and forty nights, and brought on a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse and the college, and rose high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure—for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster. What flattery to the South; what respect for Southern nullifiers, and what scorn against the 'fanatics' of the North, against the higher law, and the God thereof! How he complimented the Catholics at New York, and the Methodist ministers at Boston!—and all this for ambition! Oh, what a prostration of what a power! Then what a shrinking of great consciences, and hearts and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings that angels fallen from the first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium:

> "To smallest forms reduced, their shame immense;
> * * * They who but now seemed
> In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room,
> Throng numberless, and were at large,
> Though without number still (amidst the hall)
> Of that infernal court."

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the fore-front of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of Slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court House; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder and the keeper of Slavery's dogs, the associate of kidnappers, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that noble soul for company; his name the boast of every vilest thing. 'Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!'—Think of him! the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock, advocating the Compromise Measures! the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams, and the tongue of James Otis, praising the holy dead in his praise. Think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men who perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! Think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the needy, visited the prisoner, & gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol!

What was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts—ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect compared to Webster, were as a single maggot measured by an eagle. Look at his services, look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the 'lower law,' who made denial of God the first principle in their politics? where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the 'higher law' or at Capon Springs, who 'laughed' when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers? the 'lower law' men? Kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote. Not a vote! No, not one! Northern friends—I honor their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honor—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she had beguiled to treason against God, she answered, 'Not a vote.'

Oh, Cardinal Wolsey, there was never such a fall! 'He fell like Lucifer, never to rise again!'

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over—for they called him up at midnight out of his bed—the poor disappointed old man!—to 'congratulate him on their nomination of Scott! And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that he should rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay as he! Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough. Northern friends went to him and asked him to advise men to vote for Scott.—Gen. Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man, but soon as the political carpenters put the 'planks' together, he crawled upon the Baltimore platform, and stands there on all fours to this day, looking for citizens, 'native and adopted,' listening for 'that brogue,' and declaring that, after all, he is 'only a common man.'—Did you ever read Gen. Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President—Scott in the chair, and Webster out? That was the gall after the wormwood! They say Daniel Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, 'I still live.' If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set foot again on the ground.

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die!—his great heart—it was always a great heart, no downfall could make it little—his great heart broke. Daniel Webster died of his 7th of March speech! That word endorsed on Mason's bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains around your court-house; it led men to violate the majesty of the law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail, and to his scourging in Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in the churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and worst of all Boston, itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, and gave him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his bitterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns—our honor we never lost. The army was without powder in '76 in Cambridge, without shoes and blankets in '78, and the bare feet of New England valor marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience, never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American General said, 'there is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!' Nay, they appealed to God's higher law.

Cardinal Wolsey fell and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the 'wisest, brightest,' lived long enough to prove himself the 'meanest of mankind.' Strafford came down, but it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and precipitate ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street.

Since then the court house has a twist in its walls, equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the 'higher law' was hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would send back his mother; and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third was certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the assurance of his conscience that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves. Practical Atheism became common in the pulpit of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Lafayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Webster fell, and he lay there 'no less than archangel ruined,' and enticed the nation in his fall.

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say these things. But God is just, and in the presence of God I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honor Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I learned to hate slavery from the lips of that great man, and now that he takes back his word, and comes himself to be Slavery's slave, oh, I hate it ten-fold greater than before; because it made a bondman of that proud, magnanimous nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the inalienable rights of man.

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad colored. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags are half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts—at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts, of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New-York, even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and justice must await another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers—the court that executes the Fugitive Slave Law—that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of that prosecution is not quenched.—When death puts out the lamp of life, injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill: it does not respect life—why should it death? and scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at the Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made classic by his eloquence, and look at Bunker Hill, tarry his hour in the august company of nobler men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court?—they greatly misjudge that man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.

Do men mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago. I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton though he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech on the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave bill passed Congress, and the same cannons that have fired 'minute guns' for him, fired one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston—hated then—now respectable men, the companions of princes, enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the 'stripes' of New England to the 'stars of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor; and for the first time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when the court house was hung in chains, when Thomas Sims from his dungeon sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword lo keep that soul living, and in a living frame. I mourned when the poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand, that Daniel Webster was chaining in that house. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sung our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's grey. I mourned then; I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets; the cannons will sound their other notes of joy; but for me I shall go mourning all my days. I shall refuse to be comforted, and at last lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. Oh, Webster! Webster! would to God that I had died for thee!

He was a great man, a man of the largest mould, a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates there has seldom been a head so massive huge—seldom such a face since the stormy features of Michael Angelo.

Congress.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Mr. Atchison took the Chair, at the request of Mr. King, by a note, Mr. King being ill. Mr Davis presented a petition asking that the operation of the Steamboat Law, passed last session, should be delayed. Mr. Broadhead gave notice of bills changing the Bounty Land Law, so as to give to all 160 acres of land. Mr. Davis called attention to that portion of the President's Message which alluded to Mr. Webster's death, and made an eloquent eulogy on the deceased. In the House a bill was introduced by Mr. Hall for the organization of the Platte Territory. Referred to Committee of Territories Mr. Wilcox introduced a resolution providing that our representatives at Foreign Courts be required to urge such amendments to the existing treaties between the United States and foreign powers, as will secure the same religious liberty to all Americans residing under foreign flags, as that which is granted to all citizens of every nation of the who'e world, residing under the flag of our Union; also, providing that all commissioners to negotiate treaties hereafter shall, if possible, secure such provision in all our treaties. Resolution was referred. The discussion on Tariff was resumed. Mr. Mead, of Virginia, urged taking off the duties on railroad iron, and said it would promote railroad building, and thus conduce to the development of the resources of the country. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, gave his reasons for opposing an accumulation of surplus revenue in the Treasury, and avowed himself ready to vote for a modification of the tariff, provided it did not affect industry. Mr. Giddings introduced a slavery speech, remarking that more fugitive slaves had passed into Canada during the last three months than ever before.

In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. Chase presented a resolution of the Ohio Legislature, in favor of the distribution of public lands to actual settlers. The debate on the Kentucky contested election was resumed. This is a case of a new character. Mr. Clay, sometime before his death, addressed a communication to the Legislature of Kentucky, resigning his seat in the Senate from and after the first Monday in September last, whereupon the Legislature duly elected the Hon. Archibald Dixon to supply the anticipated vacancy. But Mr. Clay having died some two months before the time fixed for his resignation to take effect, an actual vacancy was created, which the Governor of the State immediately filled by the appointment of the Hon. David Meriwether, who served the remnant of the last session. Both Mr. Dixon and Mr. Meriwether are now claimants of this seat, the one claiming to hold over under Executive appointment, (there having been no meeting of the Kentucky Legislature since Mr Clay's death,) and the other claiming by virtue of a regular election by the Legislature. This is the history of the "Kentucky Contested Election," the debate on which is noticed above as having been resumed in the Senate on the 14th. Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, moved an amendment, declaring Dixon Senator from Kentucky. Mr. Mason was in favor of referring the matter to a committee. Mr. Underwood supported Dixon's claim, citing many precedents. In the House, Mr. Brooks' resolution for referring that portion of the Message relating to tariff to a special committee, was taken up. Mr. Jones, of Pennsylvania, opposed the resolution, and said, although there was a surplus in the treasury now, we might soon find ourselves with a deficiency. He intimated the probability of war. He also expressed the opinion that, in less than twelve months, we shall find France, backed by Russia, prepared to test with the United States the question whether or not a foreign government shall gain a foothold on our continent. The debate on the tariff question was continued at great length, when the committee rose and the House adjourned.

☞ The St. Louis Intelligencer has put on a new and beautiful dress; it also contains much more reading matter than heretofore. It is now altogether a very handsome, as well as excellent paper.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.—On the 14th inst., at 4 o'clock in the morning, the steamers Western World and H. R. W. Hill came in collision at Princeton Bar. 100 miles above Vicksburg. The Western World was capsized, and is considered a total loss. From fifteen to twenty-five lives were lost. The Hill is reported not to have been damaged. The Western World left St. Louis on the 10th inst.

☞ Mayor Selmes advertises for one hundred laborers to work on the Hannibal and New London Plank Road. Cash to be paid every week.

For the Hannibal Journal.

WHAT I SAW AFTER OTHER PEOPLE LEFT THE FAIR.

MR. EDITOR:—

I sit down in some trepidation to tell you an incident which took place the other night after the Fair. I had gone home in high good humor, with my head full of beautiful ideas dancing through my brain—the treasured remembrances of all the pleasant things I had seen and heard.

I put some wood in the stove, lighted a cigar, pulled off my boots, put on the nice pair of new slippers I had bought, and settling myself in my chair, allowed my mind to wander dreamily over the scenery of the day; I again heard the buzzing of voices, the merry laughter, and the tread of many footsteps, as memory brought the ideas of the day thronging back to my mind.

All at once it occurred to me that I had forgotten some articles that I had purchased during the evening, and determined to hurry back, in the hope that the hall was not yet closed. Upon my arrival in the street opposite the hall, I discovered that the windows were dark, but the door being left unlocked, by some inadvertance, I ascended to the top of the stairs. Here I was startled by something like rats galloping over the floor, and at the same time heard a number of squeaking little voices, which could hardly be called human, and yet I could hear good English words very distinctly. Wonderingly I struck a light, and the sight that then burst upon my astonished view will never pass out of my memory—never! Upon the word of a man of honor, there were about twenty dolls, mounted on rabbits, racing over the room, and gabbling like human creatures! My hair stood right up on end, and I would have run out of the room immediately, if I had not been so frightened that I could not stir an inch. I was reassured, however, when I discovered that they did not seem to notice my presence; but went on racing and talking as if there had been no interruption. One that I had bought myself was mounted on a rabbit that I had also bought, and having placed them with the others in a pile, I had, in order to recognize them again, noticed their appearance particularly. When my eyes first fell on him, he was gesticulating violently, his little eyes were dancing in his head, and he seemed to be very much animated.

"I say," said he, "I am tired of riding; let us dismount, sit down awhile, and I will tell you further my views on this subject."

Obedient as to a leader, all the company galloped into a circle, dismounted, and each of them procuring a pincushion, or some other article that would make a comfortable seat, they sat down in a sort of semi-circle, with my doll in the centre, who then spoke, as nearly as I can remember, about as follows:

"Is it not extraordinary that the world will not recognize the great leading fact of human nature, that it is the spirit that makes the man? We who inhabit these dolls are as much men as the great towering giants that bought us up to-day, as if we had been blocks of wood. I wish we were permitted to animate these bodies at any time, I'd have bitten the fellow's finger off, that, after turning me about in his hand in a very disrespectful manner, pitched me down on my head. I declare I thought for awhile it was fractured. If I get into his bed-room, I promise to rap around him till he shall think he is haunted."

The indignant expression of my doll's face as he made this terrible threat, frightened me excessively, for I was the very person that had treated him so unceremoniously.

Does not this remarkable occurrence, which I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, prove the truth of the spirit rapping and that spirit pervades all matter? Yours in haste,

JOHN CREDULOUS.

PRICES CURRENT.

HANNIBAL.

CORRECTED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

FLOUR—best,	$4 30@$4 50
HOGS,	5 50
CORN MEAL,	50@ 60
APPLES—Dried,	@ 1 00
PEACHES—Dried,	$2 50@$3 00
WHEAT,	60@ 75
CORN,	35@ 40
OATS,	25@ 30
HAY, P cwt.,	40
CLOVER SEED,	$6 00
FLAX "	70@ 90
POTATOES,	40@ 70
BEANS,	$1 80@$2 50
ONIONS,	50@ 75
BUTTER,	12@ 15
LARD,	08@ 10
TALLOW,	6@ 08
BEESWAX,	20@ 21
LEATHER,	20@ 25
CHICKENS, P dozen,	$2 25@$1 50
EGGS, "	@ 15
SALT—Kanawha,	40@
Sack,	$1 75@$2 00
HEMP,	$3 00@$4 00
HIDES—Dry,	06@ 08
Green,	@ 06
LEAD,	05@ 05½
MOLASSES—Plantation,	35@ 37
S. House,	40@ 45
SUGAR—Brown,	05½@ 06¾
Crushed,	09@ 10¼
TOBACCO—Good to fine manufacturing,	$3 00@$4 00
" " " shipping,	2 25@3 25
Seconds,	1 25@2 25
Lugs from 50 cents to $1, as in quality.	
WOOL,	15@ 25
WHISKEY—"Black Horse,"	18
"Black Rooster,"	18